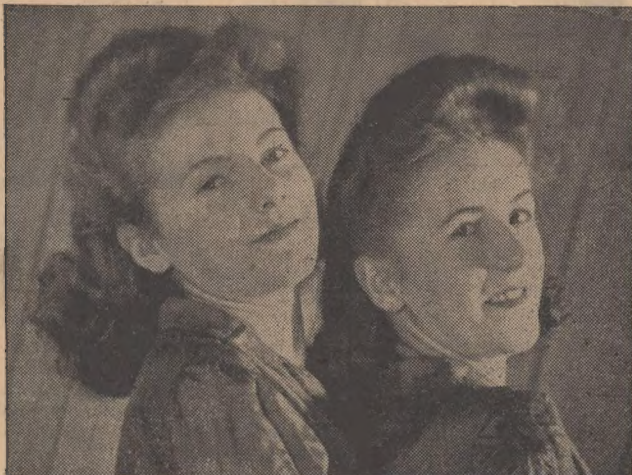


Good Morning 422

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



It was British Navy that set free the LEGION OF SLAVES

Says Capt. Martin Thornhill

WHILE Prussian war lords, back in the 1820s, were first envisaging the enslavement of all Europe, Britain performed the most humanitarian series of acts recorded in the history of nations.

Forcing the rest of Europe to abandon slavery, she backed these enforcements with huge sums of the British taxpayers' money, out of which some £20,000,000 was paid as compensation to dispossessed slave-owners throughout the Empire itself.

Most of the remaining funds went to pay the expenses of the British Navy in policing the high seas—a measure which eventually drove the slave traffic into complete eclipse.

Once again the Royal Navy is playing a vital part in the freeing of slaves, slaves harnessed to Hitler's brutal war machine. And, essentially, there is little difference between the slave-drivers of today and the ruthless gangs

who practised the trade from the earliest times down to the 1830s.

There are people who believe it was the British themselves who started the slave trade when, in 1562, Sir John Hawkins sailed three ships to Sierra Leone, captured 300 negroes, and took them to San Domingo as slaves.

The slave trade had existed from time immemorial. What Hawkins did was to provide a far more efficient service than was being supplied by others in the trade. British participation did not connote compliance; on the contrary, by vastly improved methods it made the actual transport of slaves a lot less inhumane.

Meanwhile, the traffic thrived. Traders would land on the West African coast, and

under cover of night set fire to a village, then seize the wretched blacks as they fled from the flames.

Endless tribal fighting furnished the traffickers with another excellent method. Turning up at the proper places at the proper times, the traders would dangle trinkets, beads, bright blankets and other tempting trifles before the greedy eyes of the victorious chiefs, and depart with the war captives which the gowaws purchased. In course of time the captives not succulent enough for the boiling pot were always sent down to the coast to await the slave-dealers' coming.

Securely manacled, the prisoners were then packed in the ships' holds like kippers in a case. They could neither sit nor stand. The filth was unbelievable, the stench frightful. A slave ship could be smelt for miles downwind. Disease accounted for scores, and sailors perished from the revolting forms of sickness caught from their human cargo.

Seldom did more than fifty per cent. of a shipload of blacks survive the voyage. Even so, the £5 a head paid by the owners of West Indian sugar and cotton plantations netted the dealers a handsome profit.

Every morning the captain would hold an inspection, at which the dead were hurled overboard, the others being fed like cattle, then again herded below. If there was any resistance, the more spirited were flogged.

Persistence or repetition earned the poor wretches the barbaric corrective of a shower bath with scalding water.

As is frequently the case in the early stages of big reforms, the effect of the British Navy's interference was often to cause the wholesale massacre of slaves. A ship was not legally guilty unless she actually carried slaves when boarded by a man-of-war. Thus, when capture seemed certain, the miserable blacks would be packed on deck, tied in bundles to the anchor cable, and the anchor loosed as the boarding boat left the warship. There being technically no slaves



Musician Rudolph Dunbar, great-grandson of a slave.

aboard, the slave ship was then allowed to proceed.

At long last the law was revised, and evidence of slave-carrying was legalised as guilt. This evidence was usually so putrid that it remained in the vessel for months.

Other reforms followed, though slowly, and they cost the British taxpayer a tidy sum. £400,000 went to Spain as the price of her share in the traffic; £300,000 to Portugal. Russia, Denmark and others were bought out.

By Act of Parliament of 1833, slavery was abolished throughout the British Empire, slave-owners being compensated by a Parliamentary grant of some £20,000,000. Then followed the gradual repatriation of slaves from all over the world on British initiative, and the emancipation in 1865 of 4,000,000 outcasts in the U.S.A.

Life, however, was often far from unbearable under many American masters. Ten American Presidents themselves owned slaves, including Washington, Monroe and Grant.

Thus ended the unspeakable horrors of the Middle Passage, conditions of slavery which have many factors in common with the worse-than-mediaeval tyranny the Hitler gangsters have already imposed on Europe.

To-day's 12,000,000 American negroes are finding a new place on the map. They do not expect to get full freedom on a silver platter, but what thousands do hope is that the war will afford an opportunity to win for their countrymen a place in the sun.

Among negroes serving, as well as those already living in Britain, are many who are well known to Britons. Some are famous the world over.

Thirty-year-old Private Joe Louis Barrow, popular heavyweight champion of the world, has defended his title 21 times and knocked out five world champions. Joe Louis brought to the world of boxing a dignity it has often lacked.

He has never been known to do anything to disgrace his race, and he is the only champion who has risked his title at bouts for Services relief funds without being paid for it. One chance blow might have wrested from him his crown.

There was Dr. Washington Carver, ex-slave boy himself, who evolved from the once-derided peanut 300 useful products, from cheese to axle grease, and devoted his whole life to the scientific service of his own impoverished countrymen of the South.

And there are Paul Robeson, Coleridge - Taylor, Rudolph Dunbar, great-grandson of a slave, who crowned a musical career by conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

Stage, Screen and Studio

with DICK GORDON

IN a theatre queue (stage door) I met a set of twins, Betty and Barbara. They are pretty sixteen-year-olds with figures, blonde hair and blue eyes.

The two B's first tapped the polished boards ten years ago. At nine they won their first contest. Two years later they were spotted at an amateur show and signed for the title parts in "Babes in the Wood," but the war stopped the show. The Purves twins were bombed out of their Euston home, so they moved out to Bedfordshire and entertained the troops.

The ladies lick stamps now in the Post Office Savings Bank, but they say the job is binding; anyway, working behind bars is not their idea of a life; they want to work at the back of footlights.

Amusing thing about the twins is that when asked a question they both answer—they both give the same answer, show the same number of teeth, and hold the pose

so that one gets the idea they are mechanically synchronised.

Good luck, twins, keep knocking those doors, and one day, who knows, you may be the stars of to-morrow. Or did I hear that before some place?

ber of plays by foreign dramatists. Shaw's "Pygmalion" had its first night recently at Moscow's Maly Theatre, and was warmly received. The Stanislavsky Drama Studio in Moscow staged Sheridan's "The Duenna."

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of the French playwright, Rostand, was marked by the presentation of his comedy, "Cyrano de Bergerac," in two Moscow theatres, as well as by an exhibition.

Soviet students of Shakespeare—and there are many of them—continued their researches. The All-Russian Theatre Society devoted its twenty-first session to his works. At the traditional "Shakespearean Conference," a three-day affair held in Moscow every year, papers were read on "Soviet Studies of Shakespeare in War-time," "Soviet Actors

THE year 1943 saw a considerable strengthening of cultural relations between the U.S.S.R. and the other United Nations, particularly Great Britain and the U.S.A. Organisations such as the National Council for Soviet-American Friendship, in the U.S.A., and the Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R., in Britain, have greatly extended their activities.

Soviet theatres staged a num-

This is the Picture Mother Likes A.B. James Warburton

HERE is the kind of picture your mother has been promising you for so many months, Able Seaman James Warburton, of 238 Shaw Road, Oldham.

We found difficulty in keeping young Eric from moving too much and Jean from taking life so seriously, but on the whole we think it quite true to life and just as we found them the other day—hope you like it.

"This is a great idea, and I'll bet our Jim gets the shock of his life," your mother told us. "Please give him our love and tell him the children miss their big brother very much—for he is certainly the big brother about the house, you know."

"The brooch arrived safely, and on my birthday morning, too. It's lovely, and it goes



well with the ear-rings which Dad bought for me."

We couldn't say "Hello" to your Dad, Jim, because he was at work, but we hear he is keeping fine.

Both your Mam and Dad would like to know—confidentially, of course—whether you are taking anything stronger than "shandies" these days! Typical of a woman, your mother said rather vaguely, "I'll bet he's gadding about with a Wren," but we just smiled, mumbled something about sailors, and left it at that.

News from Jack. He wants you to know that he is res-

ponsible for keeping your bike in tip-top condition for when you return, and that he can now swim a width—and proud of it as well.

Eric didn't have a lot to say, his thumb kept on finding its way to his mouth, but with your old Navy hat on (his favourite toy these days) he did look a little tough guy.

There was a terrific dash after the picture was taken, for Jack and Jean had to be in school, and we last saw Jack tearing down the street with Jean vainly trying to keep the pace.

That's the lot from Oldham this time, Jim.

in Shakespearean Roles," and "The Humanism of 'The Tempest' and our Epoch."

One meeting of the Theatre Society dealt with modern drama in the democratic countries, and in particular with J. B. Priestley's new plays.

AND the cinema, too, is playing its part. Two of the successes at this time are "George Dinky Jazz" (George Formby in "Let George Do It"), and Korda's "The Thief of Baghdad," which is drawing the juveniles as well as the grown-ups.

"The Battle of Russia," made by Frank Capra and Anatol Litvak, is a stirring picture for Russian picture-goers, and "Kutuzov" deals with one of the great Russian military leaders of 1812.

The film shows the Moscow of 1812, with its crooked alleys, the city that was set on fire, the battlefield of Borodino, and the banks of the Beresina, where the demoralised army of Napoleon was shattered and defeated.

A new musical comedy, "The Swineherd and the Shepherd," has been screened, and a tribute to Russian women paid in "Rainbow." A big success is "Wait for Me," based on a popular poem telling of the devotion and faith of a soldier's wife.

The Russian audiences have no objections to war films as long as they are good.

With a bit of luck some of us may see some of these films, if the exhibitors decide that the pictures are "what the public wants."

NOW using her eleventh calendar in Hollywood, Ida Lupino has won the honour which most stars rate higher than Academy Awards. The hard-boiled reviewers who form the New York Motion Picture Critics' Circle chose her as the finest actress of 1943 on the strength of her performance in "The Hard Way."

Looking back across the decade of tragedy and triumph, Miss Lupino's first memories are marked by trouble. In an English picture called "Money for Speed" she had appeared as a cheeky little guttersnipe; there was one freak sequence in which she pretended to be sweet and demure. A talent scout saw only this part of the

film and hurried her to Hollywood. When she arrived she discovered, to her horror, that Paramount had brought her there to play Alice in "Alice in Wonderland."

"Sweet and demure!" says Ida. "When I walked into the studio I never saw people look so shocked. I was only 16, but they wanted to know if I had been dissipating on the boat, or what. I asked them if they had seen 'Money for Speed'—all of it! They hadn't, but they did—and were they surprised!"

They tried to glamorise her for blonde scatter-brain roles. There were unhappy years until she stepped out boldly, determined to make her own way as a dramatic actress. Against Hollywood's gloomy predictions she succeeded in "The Light That Failed" and "Ladies in Retirement"; amazing portrayals these were.

With Warner Bros. she went right up to stardom in such pictures as "High Sierra" and Jack London's "Sea Wolf."

Now "The Hard Way" caps her career as an emotional artiste playing opposite Dennis Morgan and Joan Leslie in a brilliant diamond-hard story of Broadway.

Following the "Hard Way," she will be seen with Paul Henreid in "In Our Time." And that incidentally makes Henreid one of the world's luckiest actors. In his three pictures for Warners his feminine stars have been Ingrid Bergman, Bette Davis and Ida Lupino.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Once More Afloat . . .

A CONSIDERABLE trade has been carried on for several years between California and the Sandwich Islands; and most of the vessels are manned with Islanders, who, as they for the most part sign no articles, leave whenever they choose, and let themselves out to cure hides at San Diego. In this way, quite a colony of them had become settled at San Diego as their headquarters. The morning after my landing I began the duties of hide curing.

The great weight of the wet hides, which we were obliged to roll about in wheelbarrows, the continual stooping upon those which were pegged out to be cleaned, and the smell of the vats, into which we were often obliged to get, knee-deep, to press down the hides—all made the work disagreeable and fatiguing. But we soon got hardened to it.

After we had been a few weeks on shore, and had begun to feel broken into the regularity of our life, its monotony was interrupted by the arrival of two vessels from the windward.

As they drew near we soon discovered the high poop and top-gallant forecabin and other marks of the Italian ship *Rosa*, and the brig proved to be the *Catalina*, which we saw at Santa Barbara, just arrived from Valparaiso.

Two Frenchmen, who belonged to the *Rosa's* crew, came in every evening to see Nicholas; and from them we learned that the *Pilgrim* was at San Pedro, and was the only other vessel now on the coast.

The greater part of the crews of the vessels came ashore every evening. We had now, out of forty or fifty representatives from almost every nation under the sun, two Englishmen, three Yankees, two Scotchmen, two Welshmen, one Irishman, three Frenchmen, one Dutchman, one Austrian, two or three Spaniards, half a dozen of

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

By R. H. DANA

Part 12

Spanish-Americans and half-breeds, two native Indians from Chili and the Island of Chiloe, one negro, one mulatto, about twenty Italians from all parts of Italy, as many more Sandwich Islanders, one Otaheitan, and one Kanaka from the Marquesas Islands.

The night before the vessels were ready to sail, all the Europeans united and had an entertainment at the *Rosa's* hide-house.

A German gave us "Och! mein lieber Augustin!"; the three Frenchmen roared through the Marseillaise Hymn; the English and Scotchmen gave us "Rule Britannia" and "Wha'll be King but Charlie?" the Italians and Spaniards screamed through some national affairs, for which I was none the wiser; and we three Yankees made an attempt at the "Star-spangled Banner."

After these national tributes had been paid the Austrian gave us a love-song, and the Frenchman sang a spirited thing called "Sentinelle, O prenez garde a vous!"

In about six weeks we were through all our work, and had nothing more to do until the *Pilgrim* should come down again. We had nearly got through our provisions too, as well as our work; for our officer had been very wasteful of them, and the tea, flour, sugar and molasses were all gone.

Wednesday, July 18th, brought us the brig *Pilgrim* from the windward. As she came in we found that she was a good deal altered in her countenance.

Then there was a new voice given orders, and a new face on the quarter-deck—a short, dark-complexioned man, in a green jacket and a high leathercap. These changes, of course, set the whole beach on the qui vive, and we were all waiting for the boat to come ashore that we might have things explained.

At length, after the sails were furled and the anchor carried out, the boat pulled ashore, and the news soon flew that the expected ship had arrived at Santa Barbara, and that Captain T— had taken command of her, and her captain, Faucon, had taken the *Pilgrim*, and was the green-jacketed man on the quarter-deck.

When I stepped aboard, the second mate called me aft, and gave me a large bundle, directed to me, and marked "Ship Alert."

Having got all the news we could, we pulled ashore; and as soon as we reached the house, I, as might be supposed, proceeded directly to open my bundle, and found a reasonable supply of duck, flannel shirts, shoes, etc., and, what was still more valuable, a packet of eleven letters. These I sat up nearly all the night to read.

Then came half-a-dozen newspapers. No one has ever been on distant voyages, and after a long

absence received a newspaper from home, who cannot understand the delight that they give one.

It was now nearly three months since the *Alert* arrived at Santa Barbara, and we began to expect her daily.

I was anxious for her arrival: for I had been told by letter that



"Well, I'm jiggered! Wish he'd tell me where he bought his pipe!"

the owners in Boston, at the request of my friends, had written to Captain T— to take me on board the *Alert*, in case she returned to the United States before the *Pilgrim*; and I, of course, wished to know whether the order had

been received, and what was the destination of the ship.

One year more or less might be of small consequence to others, but it was everything to me. It was now just a year since we sailed from Boston, and at the shortest, no vessel could expect to get away under eight or nine months, which would make our absence two years in all.

But one year more would settle the matter. I should be a sailor for life; and although I had made up my mind to it before I had my letters from home, and was, as I thought, quite satisfied; yet as soon as an opportunity was held out to me of returning, and the prospect of another kind of life was opened to me, my anxiety to return, and, at least, to have the chance of deciding upon my course for myself was beyond measure.

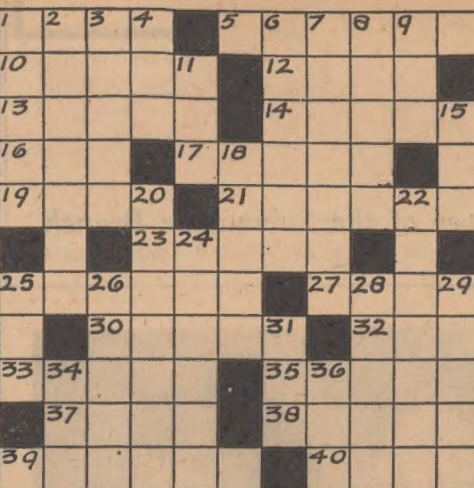
Beside that, I wished to be "equal to either fortune," and to qualify myself for an officer's berth; and a hide-house was no place to learn seamanship in.

I had become experienced in hide-curing, and everything went on smoothly, and I had many opportunities of becoming acquainted with the people, and much leisure for reading and studying navigation.

Yet practical seamanship could only be got on board ship; therefore I determined to ask to be taken on board the ship when she arrived.

Tuesday, August 25th. This morning the officer in charge of our house went off beyond the point fishing in a small canoe with two Kanakas; and we were sitting quietly in our room at the hide-house when, just before noon, we heard a complete yell of "Sail ho!" breaking out from all parts of the beach at once.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Ego.
- 5 Curried.
- 10 Language.
- 12 Vehicle.
- 13 Thrust.
- 14 Ordain.
- 16 Card.
- 17 Dance.
- 19 Precious stone.
- 21 Short jacket.
- 23 Angry.
- 25 Interlaces.
- 27 Deer.
- 30 Sand mounds.
- 32 Girl's name.
- 33 Rate.
- 35 Bounds.
- 37 Impel.
- 38 Yorkshire port.
- 39 Oxen.
- 40 Youngsters.

SLATE DRUMS
BULLION T
GLORY VOILE
HAVE LITTER
STEEPED SIN
T NAMED S
BIN ROSEBUO
ACUMEN FARE
SERIN WIDEN
T SETTING S
EVENS GEESSE

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Boy's name.
- 2 Train.
- 3 Ship.
- 4 Perplex.
- 6 American animal.
- 7 Cloaks.
- 8 Colour like brass.
- 9 And the rest.
- 11 Gull.
- 15 Number.
- 18 Humiliate.
- Let out.
- 22 Willingly.
- 24 Submit.
- 25 Occurred.
- 25 Love much.
- 28 Prohibited.
- 29 Means of exit.
- 31 Sink unevenly.
- 34 Carve.
- 36 Unruly crowd.

In an instant every one was out of his house; and there was a fine, tall ship, with royals and skysails set, bending over before the strong afternoon breeze, and coming rapidly round the point.

The Yankee ensign was flying from her mizzen-peak; and having the tide in her favour, she came up like a racehorse.

She certainly made a fine appearance. Her light sails were taken in as she passed the low, sandy tongue of land, and clewing up her head-sails, she rounded handsomely to under her mizzen-topsail, and let go the anchor at about a cable's length from the shore.

After dinner the crew began discharging their hides, and as we had nothing to do at the hide-houses, we were ordered aboard to help them.

She looked as well on board as

and being kept perfectly clean had quite a comfortable appearance; at least it was far better than the little, black, dirty hole in which I had lived so many months on board the *Pilgrim*.

This ship lay about a week in port, when, having discharged her cargo and taken in ballast, she prepared to get under way.

I now made my application to the captain to go on board. He said he had no objections, if I could find one of my own age to exchange with me for the time. This I easily accomplished, for they were glad to change the scene by a few months on shore, and, moreover, escape the winter and the south-easters; and I went on board the next day, and found myself once more afloat.

(To be continued)

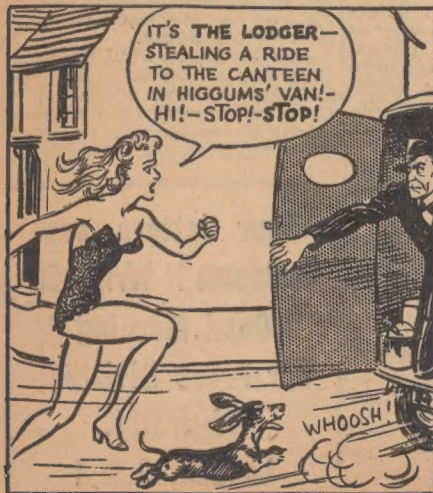
WANGLING WORDS—361

1. Put a rhyme into OT and make it turn over.
2. In the following first line of a popular song both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Thing thwi how ouy wree salt.
3. Mix LAIME, add C, and get an animal.
4. Find the two hidden birds in: They made a comic row between them, with a low rendering of a popular song.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 360

1. SpigOT.
2. We all go to work but father.
3. SpiDer.
4. W-or-m, S-lug.

JANE



That guy Driver Wilfred Blank, of Falmouth, sure does go for those boys bald-headed. Of course, he calls it the "Normandy Cut," and claims it is a new fashion. Hair cut by "Clippers," we suppose.

she did from without. Her decks were wide and roomy, flush fore and aft, and as white as snow. There was no rust, no dirt, no rigging hanging slack, no fag-ends of ropes and "Irish pendants" aloft, and the yards were squared "to a T" by lifts and braces.

The mate was a fine, hearty, noisy fellow, with a voice like a lion, and always wide awake. There was also a second and third mate, a carpenter, sail-maker, steward, mate, cook, etc., and twelve, including boys, before the mast. She had on board seven thousand hides, which she had collected at the windward, and also horns and tallow.

The forecabin was large, tolerably well lighted by bulls' eyes,

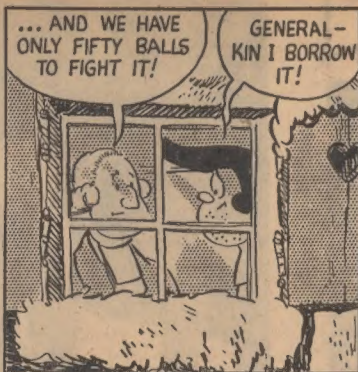
QUIZ for today

1. A Saga is a milk pudding, Zulu spear, wise man, traditional story, vegetable, insect?
2. For what book is Dr. Johnson most famous?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Velvet, Canvas, Satin, Hessian, Poplin, Calico, Duck.
4. In what constellation is the bright red star, Betelgeuse?
5. What is the capital of Madagascar?
6. Which is the greater, and by how much— $3/5$ or $8/13$?
7. All the following are real words, except one; which is it?—Precipient, Percipient, Precipitate, Percipitous, Precipitous.
8. In what game is a mace used?
9. What shape is a 'lozenge' on a coat-of-arms?
10. Where is King Arthur's lost land of Lyonesse supposed to be?
11. What is the Beaufort Scale?

Answers to Quiz in No. 421

1. Squid.
2. (a) Henry Dudeney, (b) Chaucer.
3. J contains a curve; others have no curves.
4. Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel.
5. Sirius.
6. Cross between an orange and a lemon.
7. Micule.
8. Times and News-Chronicle.
9. Murex.
10. Reykjavik.
11. Brownish-purple.
12. Antimony, Argon, Arsenic, Actinium, Aluminium.

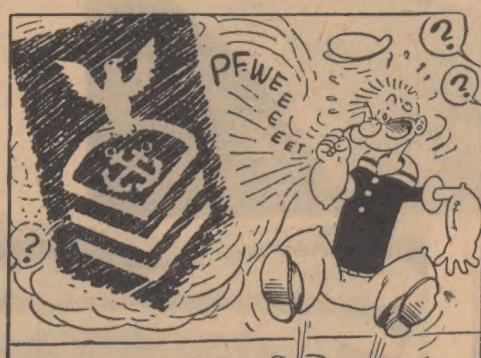
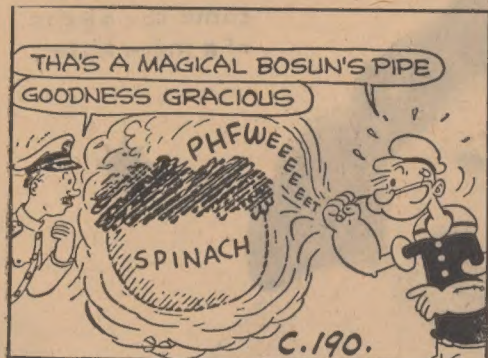
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



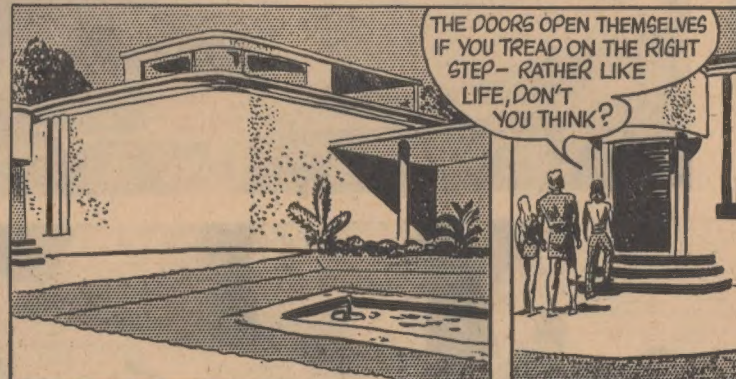
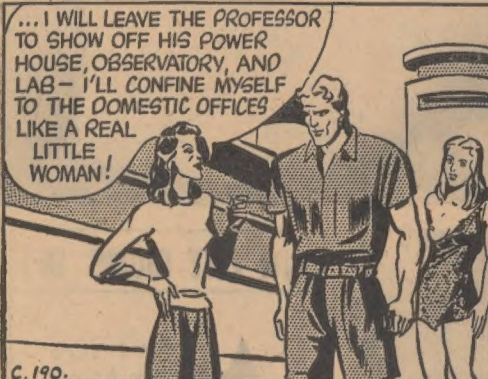
POPEYE



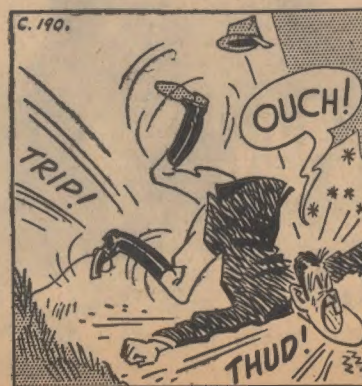
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



HOT on the heels of the pre-fabricated steel houses comes another somewhat revolutionary plan. This time it is aluminium.

Plans for turning a million aircraft workers over to the production of aluminium houses when the war ends are now being worked out by Sir Stafford Cripps, Minister of Aircraft Production.

Purpose of the scheme is two-fold. First, to help relieve the housing shortage; secondly, to solve the problem of what to do with the aircraft factories, the greatly expanded output of aluminium, and the newly trained workers when they are no longer required for war purposes.

Sir Stafford has called together a committee of the aluminium industry to help him work out his plans. When these have been finally approved, the Cripps Aluminium House will probably take its place with the Portal house in the Government's programme.

ALUMINIUM interests and many architects regard the metal as an ideal housing material. It is a third the weight of steel, can be easily produced in any form required—from sheet strips to rolled sections—and is highly resistant to corrosion. It is pleasant in appearance, too.

These houses of to-morrow can be pink, blue or yellow to suit the tenants' tastes.

Experience gained in using it for the production of aircraft can ensure that the aluminium houses will be used in the best possible manner.

Such a switch-over would not only help to avoid unemployment in this country, it is contended, but in Canada also—one of the most important sources of our aluminium supplies.

MEMBERS of an East Coast golf club have opened a fund.

It is a tribute to thirteen-year-old Walter Stanley Taylor, who, mortally wounded, staggered 300 yards to the club-house, supporting his injured chum, seven-year-old Rex Blades.

Both had been injured in a beach mine explosion.

With his left hand blown off, and half blinded, Walter stumbled through the heavy sand with his playmate. He died in hospital. His companion still lives.

The memorial money will be given to Walter's mother.

A PAMPHLET just issued has particular interest for communicants in enemy-occupied country.

Did you know that, in spite of censorship, you can still write to Germany?

The International Postal Union is responsible. Seventy years ago, when it was first formed to end chaos and control the world's foreign letters, the Postal Union was called the "First World Parliament." Now the League of Nations has come and gone, but the Union still goes on.

Every year it transmits 40,000,000,000 letters all the world over. Britain's contribution is usually 101,000,000 letters and postcards dispatched, and 96,000,000 received.

The Nazis were rapped over the knuckles by the Union for allowing their censors to interfere with international letters in transit. And when mail failed to travel safely across the Steppes, the Union had no hesitation in hinting that the Soviet would be cut from international postal connections unless something were done.

The organisation is housed in a typical suburban villa of Berne, with a staff of 14 men.

HELLINGLY, in East Sussex, is to have its first stage play, for the benefit of the British Legion.

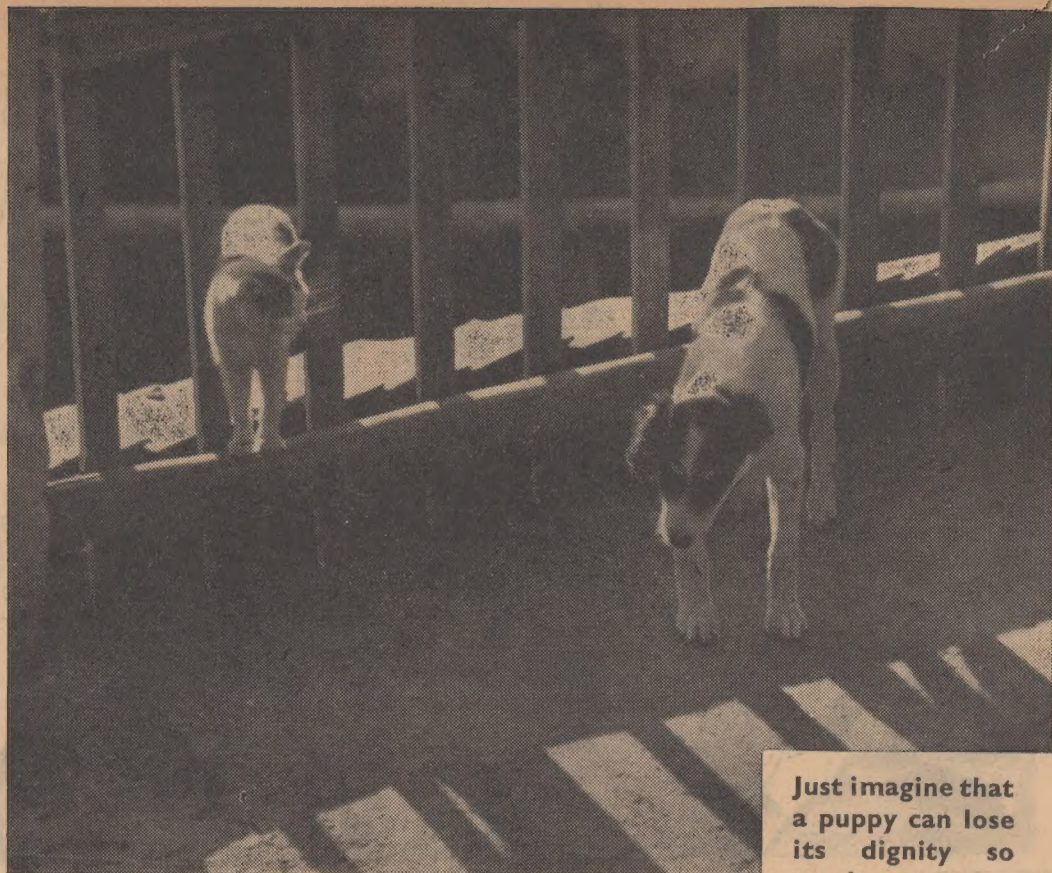
Box-office manager is a farmer, stage director a young sailor invalided from the Navy, and the business manager is playing a part as well as building and painting the scenery. All the cast are relatives of Service men.

The village hall will be the theatre, and although it has no proper stage, a theatre licence must be obtained under the Theatres Act, 1845.

Ron Richards

Good Morning

New ideas may come and go, but there is nothing pleases the heart of a child more than the dear old merry-go-round.



Just imagine that a puppy can lose its dignity so much as to become the victim of a mere kitten.



A leopard cannot change its spots, but, boy, oh, boy, it cannot beat the dentist's extraction.



Paramount star, Jean Parker, glamorous and super at sports as well. What a perfect combination.



This England

Thatched cottages and a peaceful main street in the village of High Roding, Essex.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

